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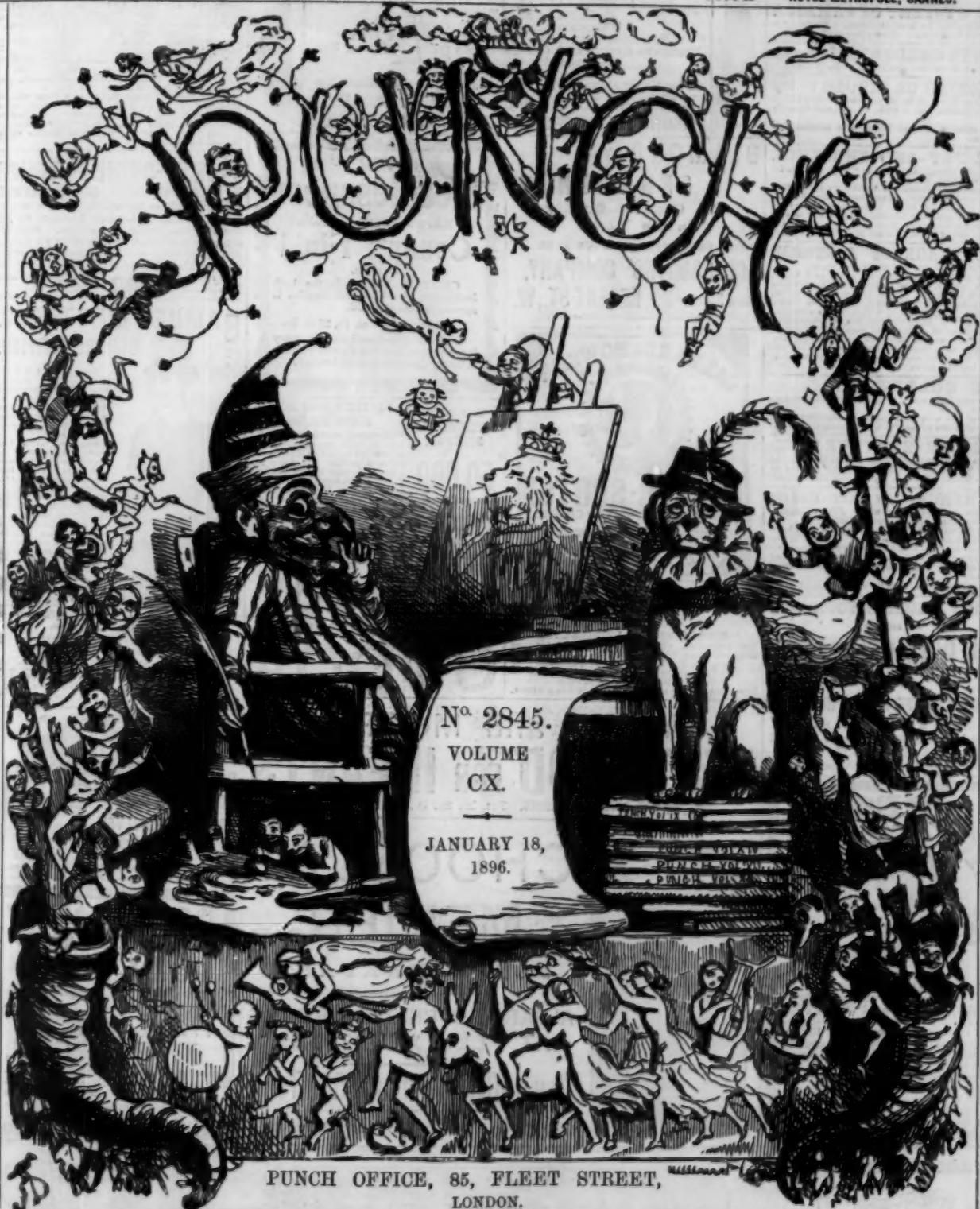
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N° 2845.

VOLUME
CX.

JANUARY 18,
1896.

PUNCH VOL.
PUNCH VOL.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

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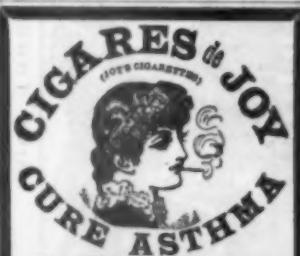
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ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

"ARE YOU THE CARPENTER?" "YES, MISSY."

"WHERE'S THE WALRUS, THEN?"

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. III.

Mr. Jabberjee gives his views concerning the Laureatship.

It is "selon les règles" and *rerum natura* that the QUEEN'S Most Excellent Majesty, being constitutionally partial to poetry, should desire to have constant private supply from respectable tip-top genius, to be kept snug on Royal premises and ready at momentary notice to oblige with song or dirge, according as High Jinks or Dolorousness are the Court orders of the day.

But how far more satisfactory if Right Hon'ble Marquis SALISBURY, instead of arbitrarily decorating some already notorious bard with this "cordón bleu" and thus gilding a lily, should throw the office open to competition by public exam, and, after carefully weighing such considerations as the applicant's *res angusta domi*, the fluency of his imagination, his nationality, and so on—should award the itching palm of Fame to the poet who succeeded best in tickling his fancy!

Had some such method been adopted, the whole Indian Empire might to-day have been pleased as *Punch* by the selection of a Hindoo gentleman to do the job—for I should infallibly have entered myself for the running. Unfortunately such unparalleled opportunity of throwing soup to Cerberus, and exhibiting colour-blindness, has been given the slip, though the door is perhaps still open (even at past eleven o'clock P.M.) for retracing the false step and web of Penelope.

For I would respectfully submit to Her Imperial Majesty that, in her duplicate capacity of Queen of England and Empress of India, she has urgent necessity for a Court Poet for each department, who would be *Archaeas ambo* and two of a trade, and share the duties with their proportionate pickings.

Or, if she would be unwilling to pay the piper to such a tune, I alone would work the oracle in both Indian and Anglo-Saxon departments, and waive the annual tub of sherry for equivalent in cash down.

And, if I may make the suggestion, I would strongly advise that

this question of my joint (or several) appointment should be severely taken up by London Press as matter of simple justice to India. This is without prejudice to the already appointed Laureate as a swan and singing bird of the first water. All I desire is that the Public should know of another—and, perchance, even rarer—avis, who is *nigroque simillima cygno*, and could be obtained dog cheap for a mere song or a drug in the market-place, if only there is made a National Appeal to the Sovereign that he should be promoted to such a sinecure and *era perennus*.

As a specimen of the authenticity of my divine flatulence, please find inclosed herewith copy of complimentary verses, written by myself on hearing of Poet AUSTIN's selection. Indulgence is kindly requested for very hasty composition, and circumstance of being greatly harrowed and impeded at time of writing by an excruciating full-sized boil on back of neck, infuriated by collar of shirt, poulticing, and so forth.

CONGRATULATORY ODE.

To Hon'ble Poet-Laureate Alfred Austin, Esq.

Hail! you full-blown tulip!
Oh! when the wheezing zephyr brought glad news
Of your judicious appointment, no hearts who did peruse,
Such a long-desiderated slice of good luck were sorry at,
To a most prolific and polacious Poet-Laureate!

For no *poeta nascitur* who is fitter

To greet Royal progeny with melodious twitter.

Seated on the resplendent cloud of official Elysium,
Far away, far away from fuliginous busy hum,

You are now perched with phenomenal velocity

On vertiginous pinnacle of poetic pomposity!

Yet deign to look thy indulgent eye at the petition

Of one consumed by corresponding ambition,

And lend the helping hand to lift, pulley-haulley!

To Parnassian Peak this poor perspiring Bengali!

Whose *ars poetica* (as per sample lyric)

Is fully competent to turn out panegyrie.

What if some time to come, n-rhaps not distant,

You were in urgent need of Deputy-Assistant!

For two Princesses might be confined simultaneously—

Then, how to homage the pair extemporaneously?

Or with Nuptial Ode, lack-a-daisy! What a fix!

If with Influenza raging like cat on hot bricks!

In such a wrong box you will please remember yours truly,

Who can do the needful satisfactorily and duly,

By an *epithalamium* (or what not) to inflame your credit!

With every coronated head that will have read it!

And the *quid pro quo*, magnificent and grand, Sir,

Would be at the rate of four annas for every stanza.

Now, thou who scale sidereal paths afar dost,

Deign from thy brilliant boots to cast the superfluous star-dust

Upon

The head of him

Whose fate depends

On Thee!

(Signed) BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE.

The above was forwarded (*post-paid*) to Hon'ble AUSTIN's official address at Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey (opposite the Royal Aquarium), but—hoity-toity and *mirabile dictu!*—no answer has yet been vouchsafed to yours truly save the cold shoulder of contemptuous inattention!

What a pity! Well-a-day, that we should find such passions of envy and jealousy in bosom of a distinguished poet, whose incubated productions may (for all that is known to the present writer) be no great shakes after all, and mere food for powder!

The British public is an ardent lover of the scintillating jewellery of fair play, and so I confidently submit my claims and poetical compositions to be arbitrated by the unanimous voice of all who understand such articles.

Let us remember that it is never too late to pull down the fallen idol out of the gilded shrine in which it has established itself with the egotistical isolation of a dog with the mange!

"JUST LIKE HYMN!"—SIR.—Mr. STEAD is sending circulars about asking everyone to give him a list of "Hymns that have helped him." Personally I am not going to be one of the "Hims who will help him (Mr. STEAD)," and shall not, if asked, mention the names of the "Hers that have helped me," though I have a grateful remembrance of a nurse and nursery governess, both of whom helped me uncommonly well at dinner, specially about Christmas time. They were, however, women equally capable of helping themselves. Wishing STEAD steadier than ever as he grows older,

I am, yours truly, AVIS SENIOR.

CONCISE PRÉCIS OF THE SITUATION IN THE TRANSVAAL.—The result of robbing Pietermaritzburg to pay "OOM PAUL."



A FREE HAND.

'The Unspeckable Turk' (to himself). 'HA! HA! THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT! I CAN GET TO BUSINESS AGAIN!'



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Spanner (a great Cyclist, whose horse has been startled by Man on covert hack). "Hi! confound you! Why the deuce don't you sound your bell!!"

BRITANNIA'S SOLILOQUY.

(On the New Bronze Coinage.)

ONCE UPON my shield I sat,
Gripp'd my "fork" in graceful
manner;
Now beside that shield I squat,
Trident held like a stage-banner.
Then a lighthouse and a ship,
Flanked me either side "One
Penny";

Now alone my spear I grip,
And "supporters" have not any!
Really, 'tis exceeding funny,—
But 'tis prov'd by efforts resent,
Britons, good at making money,
Cannot make a coin that's decent.
Rule Britannia! Rot sophistick!
Had I really sway I'd rule
No more duffers in artistic
With my coins should play the fool

KOKOFUKU!

[An Ashanti Chief named KOKOFUKU is said to have left Coomassie with the submission of King PREMEL.]

He has started on his way,
KOKOFUKU!

And he's bearing peace, they say,
KOKOFUKU!

If his tidings really bring
The submission of his king,
Oh, how joyously we'll sing
Of the fame
And the name
Of KOKOFUKU!



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PLEA FOR THE LARK.

"HARK, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"
But will it sing there long?
To market Man in thousands
brings,

These tiny sons of song.
Now *gourmets* eat the morsels
sweet;

They're strung upon a string,
With plump'y oopsie, at poulters'
shops,

No more to soar and sing.
A shameful sin! Will none begin
To ope the Public eyes?
Let everything that pretty is
Against this outrage rise!

Arise! Arise!
My Public sweet, arise!

The kestrel and the sparrow-hawk,
The pole-cat and the shrike,
Pursue the bird. But how absurd,
That Man should do the like!
O, SHAKESPEARE's shade; O, SHELLEY's sprite,
Arise and scourge base efts,
Who'd rob our sky of minstrelsy,
To fill their pies and spits!
Kind *Punch* forswears the pretty
dears,

On toast and eke in pies,
Let everything that gentle is
Against this horror rise.
Arise! Arise!
My Public sweet, arise!



QUITE A NEW AND ORIGINAL SUGGESTION AS SUBJECT FOR GOLD MEDAL AT R. A. SCHOOLS, 1896:—"THE FINDING OF MOSES."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

ON PAYING BILLS.

I HAVE noticed with deep and genuine regret that in the month of December there is always a terrible mortality amongst tradesmen. Why this should be so I know not. It is not to be supposed that tradesmen are, as a class, weaker or more liable to deadly illness than the rest of their fellow-citizens. Many of them I have met in the flesh, and they have always struck me as a particularly healthy, well-clad, strong, comfortable, and energetic body of men—not at all the sort of men whom one would expect to be sent to their account unhouseled, disappointed, unannealed, and, above all, no reckoning made, by the fogs and chills of December.

BUT there is no getting out of it: tradesmen do die with an alarming frequency and suddenness as the end of the year approaches. As I write there lie before me four communications from firms with whom I have from time to time had dealings which have been, I trust, mutually profitable. Two of these are trimmed with a delicate little mourning border, the other two are without any external sign of woe, but they all tell the same story: "Dear Sir," says one, "owing to the recent lamented death of Mr. JOSHUA TENPENNY (from heart disease) we have found ourselves compelled to call in all liabilities due to this firm of which he was a member. We beg with compliments to enclose your valued account amounting to £9 10s. 4d., and shall feel honoured by receiving from you a cheque for same at your early convenience. Trusting to be favoured with your future commands, and assuring you of our best attention at all times, we beg to remain your obedient servants, TENPENNY, TWISTER, & Co." In the remaining three the phraseology and the names, of course, vary, but the distressing purport is the same.

THERE was something, however, about the document I have quoted which struck me as having a specially familiar air. I seemed to remember that other members of the same firm had also been called away in recent years. A search through my papers plainly revealed what I had only vaguely remembered. I found, to my horror, that, in the short space of five years, five members of this firm and family had submitted to fate. In December, 1890, it appeared that Mr. CALER TENPENNY had died (of diphtheria), and that my account of £6 5s. 8d. had been called in. In December, 1891, Mr. ARTHUR JOHN TENPENNY went off (typhoid fever), and a request was made to me to pay £4 8s. 2d. In December, 1892, Mr. HENRY PARKINSON TENPENNY was summoned (by internal complications), and the melancholy event was, as usual, communicated to me, together with the statement that I owed the firm £5 0s. 3d. Mr. WILLIAM TENPENNY, Junior, was the next to go, influenza proving fatal to him in December, 1893. My account then stood, as in the previous year, £5 0s. 3d. Sorrow at the death of Mr. HENRY PARKINSON TENPENNY had evidently caused me to omit payment of what I then owed, and to abstain from further dealings with this death-stricken

firm during the ensuing year. In December, 1894, there was a break. No TENPENNY died; the TENPENNY plum pudding was not overshadowed by calamity, and the TENPENNY Christmas tree, blazing with festal candles, was surrounded by a joyful and united family. Another result seems to have been that my account, although, doubtless, it was rendered, remained unpaid. Obviously, however, this luck was too good to last, and accordingly in December, 1895, as I have already said, heart disease struck down Mr. JOSHUA TENPENNY.

BUT this is not all. I was talking the matter over with a friend who also deals with TENPENNY, TWISTER & Co. He shocked me by the information that the TWISTERS were just as liable to December deaths as the TENPENNYS. GEORGE, SYDNEY, NORMAN, ARCHIBALD, and CHARLES TWISTER, junior, have all died since December, 1890, of a variety of illnesses and accidents, the most tragic incident, perhaps, being the fall downstairs which robbed the world of SYDNEY TWISTER, and the railway collision in Spain which accounted for CHARLES TWISTER, junior. So close, in any case, is the connection between the component elements of this firm that no TENPENNY ever applies for a passage in Charon's ferry unless one of the TWISTERS goes with him to mingle with the lamenting Shades.

I MUST confess that, stated as I have stated it here, the business begins to wear an ugly and sinister look. I am not at all satisfied that these respectable gentlemen came by their deaths in a natural and lawful manner. I am reluctant to say anything which may offend to a body of men whom I cordially respect, but it does seem to me that these regularly recurring deaths, amounting in one firm alone to ten since December, 1890, call for a searching investigation from the police authorities. What if it should be discovered that there exists, by the custom of the trade, in every branch of business a suicide club with a rule compelling a member of a firm to kill himself whenever the money owed to the firm exceeds a certain amount, and another rule authorising the other members to kill him if he fails to commit suicide within a reasonable time? Mind, I do not affirm as a fact that such a club exists. At present I have no sufficient evidence, but I must say that natural causes appear utterly inadequate to explain the dreadful annual mortality amongst my unfortunate tradesmen in December.

WITH this exception, there is something dull and prosaic about bills, when you can pay them. Formerly, of course, in one's undergraduate days for instance, things were very different. Then the end of every term brought its own special excitement in the shape of duns, who called in person to demand payment of their accounts. One was able to appreciate dimly the feelings of the fox when the feathering hounds thread through the covert and push him unwillingly from his lair. How artfully he slinks and glides amongst the trees, across the rides, until at last he slips away with the "yiock" of the huntsman ringing in his ears. With equal art could the undergraduate mark the approach of the relentless dun and avoid

AT IT AGAIN?

SWISS authorities complain that Prince SUFI GUGEA DARGUIF, of Abyssinia, has been kidnapped by Italians from Neufchâtel, and conveyed on board of a vessel bound for Massowah. We understand, under all reserve, that the following telegrams have passed:

(1) To President Swiss Republic, Berne.—Send ships to pursue Italians. Outrage indefensible. Have ordered Rhine gunboats to Basle in your support. WILHELM.

(2) To German Emperor, Berlin.—Impossible. All our vessels laid up for winter. Crews engaged at London restaurants.

ZEMP, President S. R.

(3) To President.—Recall crews. Can arrange to supply places with my own subjects. Make demonstration on Lago Maggiore while I occupy Teutonic-speaking Lucerne and Zürich as security for costs. Massowah under my protection. Can sell—cheap—stock of obsolete cannon. WILHELM.

(4) To Emperor.—Your action would spoil summer season. Cannot spare Lucerne or Zürich. Why not occupy Monte Rosa outside our sphere of benevolent neutrality. Propose introducing a Bill abolishing Italian organs and ices. ZEMP, President S. R.

(5) To President.—Amused. Abolish yourself. WILHELM.

(6) To Emperor.—Ditto. ZEMP, President S. R.

him. In the end the dun was usually baffled, and the undergraduate went home light of heart and lighter of pocket, leaving his sitting-room table littered with bills thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

BUT the day of reckoning, of course, was only deferred. In the end a stern but forgiving parent was appealed to, and all the bills were settled. In my time this was called "going a mucker"; probably the term is still the same. One man I remember used to be pointed out with a certain amount of respectful awe as having "gone a mucker" (i.e., appealed to his father, and had his debts paid) three times in one year. In fact, the payment of one's just debts, not by means of one's allowance, but by the interposition of a parent, was looked upon and spoken of as the very crown of disasters. And now there is no going of muckers for most of us. We are turned into clergymen, barristers, doctors, business-men; two of us (with one of whom *moi qui vous parle*, have rowed a race in the same boat) are bishops; we have wives, families, houses, and we pay our debts with a sober regularity which seems to preclude the existence of a past when duns were avoided, and unopened bills were left to look after themselves. Yet the days of duns and of debt were the happier, in spite of occasional disaster.

PUNCH TO MR. W. D. HOWELLS.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have been reading an article from your pen in *Harper's Weekly* of January 4. It will give me genuine pleasure if you will count me henceforth as one of your devoted admirers, your servant to command in any matter in which it may be possible for me to oblige you. How temperately, how wisely, how humorously, with how broad and generous a humanity do you write of this difficulty which threatens to set our two peoples, the British and the American, into hostile camps. "I was greatly stirred the other day," you say, "in reading the President's Message concerning the Venezuela boundary dispute. I did not like his having four relative pronouns in one sentence towards the close of his message, and upon the whole the literature struck me as turgid and clumsy, but I accounted for that by the excitement he must have been in when he wrote it, and I felt a responsive thrill, which I took to be a patriotic emotion, as I read it. . . . I pictured England reduced by land and sea to the last extremity through the powers of our army and navy . . . and the grass growing in the streets before the offices of the London newspapers which had noticed my books unfavourably."

Well, we too have at times experienced that sort of emotion, and like you we figure it all so dramatically that we do not fancy ourselves taking any part personally in the difficult and perhaps dangerous work. We delegate it, as you did, to the poor fellows who are to fight and bleed, and continue to be poor fellows while we reap the honour and glory of it. Like you, we imagine our own exemption from all sorrow and suffering, "and the devotion of the sort of people who have mostly in all ages of the world been butchered for every cause, good or bad." Here, too, are golden words:—

"What I chiefly object to in our patriotic emotion, however, was not that it was so selfish, but that it was so insensate, so stupid. It took no account of things infinitely more precious than national honour, such as humanity, civilisation, and—

"the long result of time"—

which must suffer in a conflict between peoples like the English and the Americans. For the sake of having our ships beat their ships, our poor fellows slaughter their poor fellows, we were all willing, for one detestable instant at least, to have the rising hopes of mankind dashed, and the sense of human brotherhood blunted in the hearts of the foremost peoples of the world."

But is there, as you say, "in the American heart a hatred of England, which glutted itself in her imagined disaster and disgrace when we all read the PRESIDENT's swaggering proclamation, in which he would not yield to the enemy so far as even to write good English?" Is there to be no forgiveness, are we never to cancel old scores and begin our international book-keeping, if I may so term it, on a clean page? I do not think our people hate yours. Your dash, your pluck, your humour, your keen common-sense, your breezy and inexhaustible energy, your strength and broad capacity for government, all these qualities command and obtain from us a sincere tribute of admiration. If you hate us, we must submit to that melancholy condition, but never submit in such a fashion as to cease from honest effort to abate and in the end to remove all hatred. Blood, as one of your naval captains said on a memorable occasion, is thicker than water. So saying, he dashed in to the help of our sorely-pressed ships. Let us then call a truce to petty and malignant carping, and join hands in an alliance dependent not upon written treaties, but upon the noble sympathy of two great nations engaged in the same work of civilisation and progress. You, Sir, speaking for others, I trust, as well as for yourself, have set us an example. I grasp your hand, and wish you well in all your undertakings.

Believe me yours in all cordial friendship,

PUNCH.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER TO THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

[We publish with all reserve the following letter, which has, we understand, been despatched from Osborne Castle to Berlin. From internal evidence we should judge that it was not written but suggested by the exalted lady by whom it purports to be signed. There is a nautical breeziness about it that inclines us to attribute the actual authorship to the Duke of Y-RX.—ED. PUNCH.]

MEIN LIEBER WILLY.—Dies ist aber über alle Berge. Was bedeutet eigentlich deine Depesche an den alten KAÜGER der für Dich doesn't care twopenny. Solch eine confounded Impertinenz habe ich nie gesehen. The fact of the matter is that Du ein furchtbare Schwaggerer bist. Warum kannst Du nie ruhig bleiben, why can't you hold your blessed row? Musst Du deinen Finger in jeder Torte haben? Was ist for this that I made you an Admiral meiner Flotte and allowed you to rig yourself out in einer wunderschönen Uniform mit einem gekockten Hut? If you meant mir any of your blooming cheek zu geben why did you make your Grandmamma Colonel eines Deutschen Cavallerie Regiments? Du auch bist Colonel of a British Cavallerie Regiment, desto mehr die Schade, the more's the pity. Als Du ein ganz kleiner Bube warst habe ich Dich oft tüchtig ge- spankt, and now that you're grown up you ought to be spanked too. Wenn Du deine Panzerschiffe nach Delagoa Bay schickst werde ich sie aus dem Wasser blasen, I'll blow your ironclads out of the water she Du dich umkehren kannst, before you can turn round. And look here, if you'll come over to this country werde ich Dich annehmen, I'll take you on, und ich wette drei gegen eins daaz ich Dich in drei Runden ausklopfen werde, Queensberry rules, three minutes to a round. Also ich schnappe meine Finger in your face. Du weist nicht wo Du bist, you dunno where you are, and somebody must teach you. Is BISMARCK quite well? Das ist ein kolossaler Kerl, nicht wahr? So lange! Don't be foolish any more.

Deine Dich liebende GRANDMAMMA.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FAMILY TREE.

[After all, the English people are our people, and we are theirs." New York "Morning Press," January 9.]

WELL said, *Morning Press*! 'tis the root of the matter
You've got at—your race and our race are the same;
Flung wide o'er the earth though our branches may scatter,
They spring from one stock, from one sapling they came.

'Twas a thousand long years, ere the trunk was divided,
Since Saxon in Britain first planted the seed;
Slow growing through storms and compact it abided,
The Oak-tree of Freedom—no wind-shaken reed!

Not as mother to child, but as brother to brother,
In age as in stature our nations are twin;
Side by side, not in anger confronting each other,
In face of the world let us show we are kin!

Yours and ours are King ALFRED, and CHAUCER, and BACON,
And SHAKESPEARE, and RALEIGH, and DRAKE, and Queen Bess;
Our heirship in common can ne'er be forsaken—
The glorious past we conjointly possess.

Nowadays, too, we share with you athletes and actors,
And Trilby we share, and affairs of the heart:
Each day of fresh ties o'er the Pond we're contractors—
There's no MONROE Doctrine in marriage or art!

If Teuton with Russian and Gaul were preparing
To fly at our throat, we would face them all three!
But attack Brother JONATHAN?—No, we're forbearing
To rend thus asunder the Family Tree!

LEGAL AND MEDICAL.—The time of the year is a troublesome one for those subject to gout and kindred complaints, but would it be correct for a lawyer to describe his symptoms as *livery of seisin*?

THE KAISER'S FAVOURITE SONG.—"William's sure to be right."





"TOUT EST PERDU, FORS L'HONNEUR!"

Housekeeper (who has been describing the fire in the country house, and the destruction of all the books and family pictures, &c., &c.). "YES, MY LADY, EVERY SINGLE PICTURE BURNED TO ASHES! BUT I'VE ONE THING TO TELL YOU THAT WILL PLEASE YOU:—I MANAGED TO SAVE ALL LAST YEAR'S JAM!"

THE PILOT THAT WEATHERED THE STORM.

(*Mr. Punch's Adaptation of Canning's Celebrated Song to Mr. Chamberlain.*)

If hush'd the loud shindy that shattered our sleep,
The sky if no longer dark shadows deform,
If the worst of it's o'er, with the Boer, shall we keep
Silent tongue on the pilot that weathered the storm?

At the footstool of JOSEPH Punch never did fawn,
Against him he joined not in faction's dull
With those who abused, from their ranks
when withdrawn,
The man who till then they'd extolled to the skies.

But clever cool pluck to all Britons is dear,
An example of which now the nations behold.
A statesman unbiased by bounce or by fear,
Is worth, in a crisis, his weight in pure gold.

When wonder and doubt in the hearts of us reigned;
When a semi-piratical flag seemed unfurled,
He the honour and faith of our country maintained,
And set us all right in the sight of the world.

We are thankful all round an enthusiast craze
Did not set half the world in a deuse of a shine;
If to CHAMBERLAIN's coolness and pluck we
Where's the partisan fool who'll that tribute decline?

Not yet, Sir, the course of your botherment's o'er;
May your talents and virtues prove equal
But now we'll give praise both to you and the Boer,
With a tear for mad pluck which to folly

Take thanks for great dangers by wisdom repelled,
For evils by coolness and readiness braved;
For the Throne by considerate counsels upheld,
And the People from perils precipitate

And, Joe, if again sudden rustions should rise,
The bright dawnings of peace should fresh
The trust of the good and the hopes of the wise
Will turn to the pilot that weathered this

PENNY STEADFULS.

[Mr. STEAD is issuing a penny edition of standard works of fiction.]

ONLY a penny left of sixpence I had when I went into "Spotted Dog"! Not enough for glass of ale. Mate advises me to try a penn'orth of CHARLEY DICKENS. Here goes! CHARLEY is prime. Must get more of him. Spend a bob on *PICKWICK*. Why ain't there a penn'orth o' Sam Weller? Sam is prime, too. Find the missis wanted that bob for Sunday's dinner. Can't give it her. Wishes to know if I've spent it "on the books"? No, only "on the read."

Penn'orth of Tom Jones next. Tom's a ripper. Penn'orths of *Monte Cristo*, CHARLEY READ, Joshua Davidson, &c. Don't like this half-and-half system. Prefer the "entire." Spend one week's wages on DUMAS. No more escapes from prison,

though. What a sell! Landlord wants rent, and missis wants tin for food. Spent it all. Tell missis I'm bound to buy a penny *She*. She doesn't understand, and hints—with a saucepan—at a judicial separation. Better out of this! Off to "Spotted Dog."

Sat up all night over *Charles O'Malley*. Head splitting. Wanted five glasses to make it right. Fined for being late at work. Told foreman it was all due to Mr. STEAD's penny novels. Foreman replied it was more likely Mr. BUNO's twopenny beer. How unjust!

Brokers in! Seized all my novels! Missus in workhouse. Says novels are worse than drink. No money to get more. What shall I do? Just pawned children's boots. Got *Vanity Fair*—the whole hog, too. Disappointed. THACKERAY ain't in it with the CHARLEYS. Read two chapters of the *Fair*—thought it not off to "Spotted Dog" again. Jolly evening. No home. And no employment! Sleep in casual ward. And to think that it's half-pints of fiction that have brought me to this!

To "Daily News."

(*A propos of an Interview recently reported.*)

"J. B. ROBINSON, he,
Seems to know something of S. Africay."

Week-end Party in a Country House.

Ordinary Man of Forty. I see someone writes to the *Times* to say that the KAISER ought to be turned out of the Army and Navy.

Charming Girl (*much affected by the proposed punishment—quite innocently*). What! do they want him not to be allowed to "shop" there?

A NEW "LABOUR OF HERCULES" (ROBINSON).—To struggle with the Boer-constrictor.



READY !

“ COME THE THREE CORNERS OF THE WORLD IN ARMS,
AND WE SHALL SHOCK THEM: NOUGHT SHALL MAKE US RUE,
IF ENGLAND TO ITSELF DO REST BUT TRUE.”—*King John*, Act V., Scene 7.



A FRIENDLY WORD WITH THE WAR-WIZARD.

"It would require but the impetus of war to develop such a flood of destructive appliances as would astonish the world. I have invented a machine by which water charged with 5000 volts can be hurled to a great distance, which directed on an army would sweep it away like chaff!"—*Mr. Edison.*

PRUH! The bow, and the sword, and the dagger,
The hundred-ton gun and torpedo,—
(If one may trust *Edison's* swagger,
And Science's ultimate ordo).—
Have been merely tentative trifles
On mankind's red highway of slaughter.
Machine-guns and murderous rifles,
Must yield to—electrified water!
Oh, thankies, dear *Edison*, thankies
Inventions like yours are "transcendent,"
And War, as improved by the Yankee,
Will be—as mere carnage—splendid.
How puny old Jupiter's bolts
Compared with your watery deluge,
Which, charged up to five thousand volts,
"Will sweep armies away"! Oh! a yell
Must rise from—well, regions below, [huge
For you've licked the artillery Satanic.
Whole armies you'll smash at a blow!
No wonder *JOHN BULL*'s in a panic.
Your dynamo-chains "like great snakes,"
Your horrid electrical cables,
Are terrible scientist fakes—
Unless they are journalist fables.
Well, well, we must "keep on our har"
As well as we can in our terror.
But snakes! *Edisonian* war
Would be Hades let loose, and no error.
Aërial infernal machines,
Dropping dynamite down—what a benison!
You'll realise, doubtless, the means
Conceived by the fancy of *TENNYSON*!
Then your water-torpedoes! O lor!
We admit we are *awfully* frightened
You'd annihilate us, were it war,
Ere one could remark that it lightened!
At least, so you kindly explain.
How friendly, dear boy, is your warning!
To your country you'd give your big brain,
All work save for slaughtering scorning.
Well, well, we are glad that we know.
We believe all your bounce—to the letter.
And now you have had your big "blow,"
Punch hopes, my dear boy, you feel better!

JACKY AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

(An Intercepted Letter.)

MY DEAR BOBBY,—I promised when we said "good-bye" to one another at Old *WACKER*'s that I would write to you if anything particularly nice turned up. Well, I have been busy ever since. I have been to four theatres, a circus (Crystal Palace), six children's "at homes," and one 'teen Cinderella. I said I would tell you how many ices I am taking, but I gave up counting when I got to nine hundred and ninety-seven. At the Mansion House the other night I had sixteen. And that reminds me the juvenile's fancy dress ball was simply first-rate. The *LORD MAYOR* is no end of a good fellow. And the dance was A 1. And the supper! Well, it satisfied me, and you know I am a bit of an epicure.

And the dresses? Well, some of them were first-rate. There were two young ladies with Christmas-trees on their heads, who were absolutely charming. Then *CHAUCER* with a wreath, and *Toreador* with a sword, were quite the early English poet, and the latest style of bull-fighter. There were all sorts of costumes, uniforms, Indians, *Charley's Aunts*, and jockeys. But, as I heard a grown-up say, the best realisation of the ball was

the *LORD MAYOR* himself. Sir *WALTER WILKIN* is no end of a good sort. He's not only a *LORD MAYOR* but has worn a barrister's wig and commanded a brigade of artillery! From this you will imagine that he is a big gun himself. So he is, but also something better. He's a jolly good fellow. And so say all of us. And by all I mean everybody. And now I must stop as I have got to be off to the pantomime.

Yours thoroughly enjoying himself,
JACKY.

CHORUS AT A MATINÉE.

OH! Have you seen *Robinson Crusoe*?
Lyceum? If not, try and do so,
For *LAURI* and *STORRY*
Are both in their glory!
Sweet *ALICE*, Miss *Brookes*, is young *Crusoe*.

"WULF, WULF!"—At Christmas time every effort is made to keep the wolf from the door. The rich help the poor, and the powerful the weak. As practical men, the directors of the Crystal Palace have gone a step farther, and instead of closing the gates of the Sydenham show, have opened its portals to the welcome outsider. M. *WULF* is a host in himself, especially when represented by his circus.



Bill Bykes (reading). "THERE ARE NOW TEN MEN OF THE BECHUANALAND BORDER POLICE IN THE WHOLE BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE, FOUR OF WHOM ARE DOING CUSTOMS DUTY."

THE LAUREATE'S FIRST RIDE.

(*The New Poet-Laureate's* verses appeared in the "Times," Saturday, January 11.)

Song, is it song? Well—blow it!
But I'll sing it, boys, all the same
Because I'm the Laureate Poet,
That's the worst of having a name!
I must be inspired to order,
"Go, tell 'em, to save their breath."
I can rhyme to "order" with "border,"
And jingle to "breath" with "death."

"Let lawyers and statesmen addle
Their pates over points of law;"
Of *Pegasus* I'm in the saddle.
But why does he cough "Hee-haw"!
Eight stanzas! Inspired! Mad ones!
Sound well if sung to a band!
There! dash it! some good, some bad ones,
To finish with "crushings" and "Rand."

A. A.

"BUSINESS CARRIED ON AS USUAL DURING THE ALTERATIONS."—"Lord *HAWKE*'s Eleven playing the Johannesburg team according to previous arrangement."

A SCHOOLBOY'S QUERY.—Are three policemen's feet equal to one Scotland Yard.



AN ASTRONOMER.

Mrs. S. "By the way, I hear Jupiter—the Evening Star—is worth seeing just now. Can either of you girls tell me where to look for it?"

Bertha. "Yes, I can. It's exactly two yards and a half to the right of the Great Bear!"

Mrs. S. "Two yards and a half! What on earth do you mean?"

Bertha. "Well, I've measured it carefully with my umbrella!"

BERLIN WOOL GATHERING.

(A Page from Somebody's Diary.)

Sunday.—After preaching my customary sermon to the members of the Court, and putting an equestrian under arrest for falling asleep before the end of it, took up my favourite book, *The Life of Barnum*, and sought for inspiration. Drew blank this time. However, dashed off letters to the Pope and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, giving the first a few hints upon ritual, and the last a new pattern for lawn sleeves.

Monday.—Spent the morning pleasantly in trying on uniforms and being photographed in the whole thirty of them. Read in the papers that someone had found out a new star. Wired my personal congratulations to the observant *savant*, and desired him to call his astronomical discovery after me. Gave a lecture to my "veteran class." Fair attendance of elderly ecclesiastics, warriors, and diplomats. My subject—treated simply and literally—"How to empty eggs by suction," greatly appreciated. Sent a professor to gaud for daring to give a testimonial to a pill manufacturer—such recommendations should be endorsed with my signature. I cannot allow tampering with my prerogative.

Tuesday.—Noticing that the Little Paddington football team has proved victorious in a contest with the Shoreditch Outsiders, I sent messages of hearty congratulation to the one and sincere condolence to the other. Delivered another lecture to the "veteran class," a body which, on this occasion, had to be collected together at the point of the bayonet. My subject, "Myself as Universal Instructor," was full of interest. Spent the rest of the day in solving the problem "how to attain the maximum of interference in the minimum of time."

Wednesday.—Roughed out a scheme for an International Exhibition. Should be sixteen times as big as Chicago. Central idea a colossal statue of myself. Should be twice as high as the Tour Eiffel. Another feature—a gigantic wheel four times the size of that at Earl's Court. In the hundred cars should be bands of music playing a new National Anthem about me, composed by myself. Sent a message of congratulation to Drury Lane. However, next year must beat the record myself. Nothing I should like better than producing a pantomime.

Thursday.—Rather neglected my fleet and army lately. Ordered off all the available vessels to the coast and organised an invasion. Prepared for a row anywhere. Filled in half-a-dozen telegrams of congratulation, and dispatched them in all directions. Spent the remainder of the day in consultation with my tailor. Have schemed out a sort of combination uniform, composed of two-thirds field-marshall to one-third admiral of the fleet.

Friday.—Great fun! I have been taken seriously! Friendly power says that I have insulted it! Must have international posters of myself. Portrait, of course. One thousand double crowns. Try one thousand—ought to do as a commencement. Must have more stations than the soap people. Ought to bill from the Arctic to the Antarctic. Sent message of congratulation to the proprietors of the Self-appreciative Savon.

Saturday.—Very much disturbed by a dream. Fancied in my sleep that I was at Eton. Just begun my customary game, when a fellow bigger than myself told me I "wanted the bumptiousness taken out of me," and gave me a good sound kicking!

NURSERY RHYMES IN "BOOK" FORM

(Dedicated, without especial permission, to the Baron de Book-Worms.)

AIR—"Jack Sprat."

WALTER SCOTT
Wrote no "rot";

DICKENS was ne'er obscene.

For authors great

As these we wait,

To sweep our Hill Top clean.

AIR—"Hi-diddle-diddle."

Hi-Kipple-Kipple!

Your rhymes no more ripple;

Your prose, too, is getting abstruse.

If you've got more of *Moussé*,

Drown him in the Hoogli,

And banish the rest to the deuce.

AIR—"Baa, baa, black sheep."

"Mar-Mar-Relli, have you any rule?"

"Yes, Sir, surely. 'Critic means a fool.'

I have a grievance, *Satan* has as well;

A'though I think—and you'll agree—his

Sorrow are a sell."

AIR—"Humpty Dumpty."

GRANTIE ALLIE sat on the hill,

GRANTIE ALLIE had a great spill.

All gentle readers, both women and men,

Hope he will never go there again.

AIR—"Three Blind Mice."

Three good books. See how they sell!

Platform, Press, Play, by T. H. S. E.,

Tall Talk by SMALLEY, and *Blackwood's*

"Shirlee,"

They've none of your modern morbidites

These three good books.

AIR—"Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

OUIDA, OUIDA, CORELL's leader,

How does your MS. grow?

La'in, Greek, quotations sleek,

And epithets, "all in a row."

AIR—"Little Jack Horner."

Little too Hardy, do not be tardy

In mending your too-blue cake.

For, by scissors and paste,

"Tis not good to the taste,

But a most injudicious "half-bake"!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

THE YACHTSMAN TO HIS LASS.

The breeze is blowing full and fair,
The billows dance with glee,
And sparkle 'neath the noonday glare
Like jewels of the sea.
The schooner's bow begins to dip,
Her snowy wings are free;
The dinghy's waiting by the "slip"
For you, my lass, and me.

How nautical your pretty dress,
Your hat with sailor brim,
The buttons lettered "R. Y. S."
Upon your jacket trim;
Your silken knot with bargee ring,
Your shirt of navy blue.
Your dainty telescope in sling—
All typical of you.

We're off! and westward be our way
O'er Solent's flowing tide.
We'll race the sun till close of day,
As swiftly on we glide
By Yarmouth's pier and Totland's strand,
By Alum's glowing bay.
By where, mist-clad, the Needles stand,
White sentinels mid grey.

Hurrah! hurrah! the eager wind
Makes all the canvas fill.
The lighthouse we have left behind—
On! on! to Portland Bill.
Your Viking blood must feel the spell,
With ecstasy must flow—
Speak louder! What? Oh, very well,
You'd better go below!

EQUALLY TRUE.—It is stated by a teetotal scientist that any man drinking plain hot water for a year or two will never again need whiskey. Dr. PUNCH confidently asserts that anyone drinking plain hot whiskey for the same period will never again require water.

QUERY (by One "who only asks for information").—Was the President of the Orange Free State born in Belfast?

MARY ANNIE ON MARBLE 'ALLS AND AMERICAN NOTIONS.

[In America it is customary to make forecourts and house-steps of marble, and clean them with long-handled swabs without the necessity of kneeling.]
"I DREAMT I dwelt in marble 'alls!" One thinks of that old ditty A-hearing of them Yankee steps. If people known they'd pity The sorrows of a servant-girl a-kneeling and a-slopping, As might be done in comfort-like by marble flags and mopping. Same as I've seen them sailors do; wish my young man 't yotman, As caught my 'art—o is that smart!—and out out JACK the potman, Last Heaster-time as ever was. JACK, 'e sees me hearthstoning, Our forecourt flags, with frozen knees, a-shivering and a-groaning, And sez, sez e "Belay there MARY! Pooty nice sight this is! Your friz, my gal! I'll 'ave a word with that old cat, your missis! This ain't no work in winter-time for pore young gals. O blow it! I'll give you red-nosed dragon beans!" Sez I, "Now JACK, dear, stow it! She's bossing through the blinds at yer this blessed moment, drat 'er!"

You'd only make it was for me a-joring on the matter. She's that pertikler with 'er steps, you'd think they led to 'eaven, As it's much more like t'other place. She routes me up at seven, And if these stones ain't white as snow by breakfast-time!"—Ere

JACKY
Let out a large-sized swear, and bunked, a-bitting at 'is 'baccy As though it was the nubly nose of that there Miss BELINDER. As 'e could twig a-piping on 'im through the parlour winder. Heigho! 'Taint no use 'owling, but JACK's right; this 'ere step-cleaning

Ain't woman's work by enny means. You'd understand my meaning
If in a nipping cold east wind, some morning in December, With chilblains on yer 'ands and 'eels, and aches in every member, Red sibers, and a redder nose, and a 'ousemaid's knee a-coming, And Miss BELINDER at the blinds a-scowling and a-drumming,



TALENT v. GENIUS.

Bob (the man of genius). "GOOD HEAVENS! THEY'RE ADVERTISING THE TENTH EDITION OF THAT CONFOUNDED BOOK OF YOURS WHICH I'VE NEVER READ, AND NEVER MEAN TO! WHAT BUBBISH IT MUST BE, TO BE SO POPULAR AS ALL THAT!"

John (the man of talent). "AH, WELL—ONE MUST LIVE, YOU KNOW! LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I DON'T WANT TO BRAG, BUT IF YOU'LL MAKE IT WORTH MY WHILE, I'LL PROMISE TO WRITE IN LESS THAN A WEEK A THREE-VOLUME NOVEL THAT SHALL FALL AS STILL-BORN FROM THE PRESS AS IF YOU'D WRITTEN EVERY WORD OF IT YOURSELF, AND SPENT A COUPLE OF YEARS IN THE PROCESS!"

You 'ad to clean those cold stone-steps and flags slap down the garden.
"Fiddle!" sez Miss BELINDER. "It'll brace yer up, and 'arden," 'Arden? O lor! If shivery, sore, numb feelings 'arden anyone, I ought to be as 'ard as nails. A step-gal, now, a penny one, Or tuppenny touch, one o' them towzly, trollopy tramps as tout about For morning jobs, and then run loose, are 'ard, that there's no doubt about.
But decent gals as love fal-lals, mere flesh and blood ones, perishes A 'earthastoning them steps and stones our English missis cherishes. Therefore them marble steps and mops the Yankee 'red 'elpa uses, Makes my mouth water. JOHNNY BULL is stubborn, and refuses, Most times, to learn of furriners; but in their floors and pavings Them Yankees seem to beat us. O, the comforts and the savings, In colds, and cramps, and 'ousemaid's knees, if scrubbings and cold sloppings, Could be did 'ere, as over there, without our 'ard knee-sloppings! And if inventors 'ere will take this lesson from the Yankee, U's English servants gals will shout one loud tremulous "Thankee!!!"

The Long and the Short of it.

SCENE—A Board School.

Pupil. Oh, prithee, teacher, tell to me,
Are we at war with Ashantee?
Teacher. On that my information's scanty:
But, p'raps, my lad, you mean Ashanti?

CURIOS COINCIDENCE.—A reviewer contends in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that all books ought to be cut. On the other hand, many, not absolutely thin-skinned, authors declare that reviewers ought to be treated in the same way.

THE LINE WHICH IS OFTEN DRAWN.—The Equator.

"UNDER WHICH KING" (STREET, ST. JAMES'S)

HOPE told a fluttering tale when he wrote his stirringly, highly-charged Sir-John-Gilbertesque romance, *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Anyone fond of the lighter kind of music united to an extravagant plot, while reading ANTHONY HORN's romance, must have seen what a chance there would have been in it for an opera after the style of *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, book by MEILHAC and HALÉVY, and music by the late King of opera-bouffe composers, JACQUES OFFENBACH. It needed an OFFENBACH; for anyone else, English, French, or German, touching this subject would have found himself woefully hampered and bothered by Offenbachian memories.

Here are all his characters to hand: here is his Grand Duke, his courtiers, his General Boum conspiring to support the Young Pretender; here is the pretty princess ready for a sweet song and a love duet; here are evidently burlesque imitations of Wagnerian *Ortrude* and *Tolramond*, immediately recognisable in *Antoinette de Mauban* and the *Black Michael*, fitted with grand situations for ultra comic duets, to be taken most seriously: while in opportunities for solos, trios, grand choruses, ballets, and spectacular effects, never could librettist's book be richer. There is for the librettist and composer a perfect wealth of material; but for the playwright, choosing to take himself and this story seriously, all that is food for the comic opera librettist, is, to him, poison. So much for the romance and the opera-bouffe, the *King of Tooriritanis*, as it might have been; and now for the play by EDWARD ROSE, the *Blooming Rose*, as presented at the St. James's Theatre.

It is in a Prologue and four Acts. It commences at a quarter to eight, and is over by, or soon after, eleven. The Prologue is a little drama in itself: it is admirably played by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER as "the Red Elphege," of 1733—which sounds like a peculiar wine of a good vintage year; by Mr. WARING as "the Black Elphege," which sounds a bit like the Original Bones of Christy Minatrasty, with a song "The Wearing of the Black," parody upon "The Wearing of the Green"; by Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY, as the "Heavy Husband, who, in company with Miss MABEL HACKEY (a fresh young actress, in spite of her name), Mr. FEATHERSTONE, Mr. BOYCE, and Mr. STEENROYD, struts his short half-hour on the stage, and then is heard no more. In this Prologue, had *Prince Rudolph*, or the husband, been killed, we should have had a complete little one Act domestic tragedy, a *lever de rideau* of exceptional merit, well worth seeing on account of the acting. But those who come in at 8.30 may comfort themselves by the assurance that the Prologue they have missed is not essential to the plot, its incidents being recounted in about three lines during the progress of the First Act of the play.

And this first Act is excellent. The device by which a "double" is substituted for Mr. ALEXANDER, who, as the moustachioed, tipping King, topples over on the right-hand side of the stage when, almost at the same instant, he himself, as *Rassendyll*, the moustachioed English tourist, enters on the left, is one of the best deceptions since *Duboscq* and *Lesurques*, the two single gentlemen rolled into one actor, startled the town. The change is effected with such neatness and precision as to defy detection. The oldest staggers will be puzzled, and the youngest will scarcely believe their eyes.

In fact, the three first Acts are all as good as they can be; but the question must arise, what sort of piece are we looking at? Is it not the dramatic representation of an extravagant practical joke, which the originators are taking with a light heart, and in which the author has been puzzled as to how it is to be taken, seriously or not? If seriously, then the motive is inadequate, and the striking tragedy notes of Miss LILY HANSBURY as the handsome mistress of the *Black Elphège*, represented by Mr. HERBERT WARING, that double-dyed black villain, ought to give the tone to the piece; in which case the merriment of the three practical jokers, *Rassendyll*, Colonel *Sapieha* (Mr. W. H. VERNON), and *Fritz* (Mr. ROYSTON), is quite out of place. But, on the contrary, it is the light-hearted gaiety of the conspirators which carries the audience along and makes "our friends in front" participants in the jest, thoroughly enjoying the audacious humour of the situation. It is good fun to see all these magnificently haughty nobles, the Cardinal Primate, the Lords and Ladies, the representatives of the Great Powers, all taken in, and kissing the hand of the

sham King of Ruritania. It gives additional zest to the situation that *Lord Topham*, the English Ambassador, capably played by Mr. GEORGE BANCROFT (who has quitted the Court of law) to appear at St. James's, should be the imposter's uncle, but so blind as not to recognise his nephew. All this is pure extravagant fun. That the *Princess Flavia* should fall in love with the imposter, and he with her, is all part of "the humour of it."¹² But that this should ever be taken seriously—impossible!

When in the last Act is seen the miserable victim of this light-hearted practical joke, the King, dying in the vault of the castle, the audience having thoroughly "entered into the humour of the thing," are on tiptoe of expectation for him to say something at which they can laugh; but suddenly they find that "this joke is no joke," that what is fun for the boys is death to the frog, and they discover that this tragic situation, rendered still more tragic by Mr. ALEXANDER's forcible acting, is not by any means in keeping with the farcical antecedents.

acting, go away wishing that things had turned out rather differently.

Now, how ought this practical joke to have ended? Thus:—The topor King should have been allowed, like *Barnardine*, the drunken convict, to have been spoken of as having drank himself to death; he should not have been seen at all. The walls should have been battered down, the successful troops admitted, and *Princess Flavia* should have been proclaimed Queen, giving her hand to *Rudolf Rassendyll* as Prince Consort. *Cheers, triumphant music, tableau, curtain, and everyone happy.*

Of course it is not likely that this suggestion as to ending the

Of course it is not likely that this suggestion as to excision of Prologue and re-writing the finish will be acted upon; but had it been thus, then whatever the present success of this piece may be, interesting and amusing as it now is, its popularity would have been undisputed, and its run trebled. As it is, it may well be seen and enjoyed for the acting of all concerned in it; but to ask either actors or audience to take seriously the characters aiding and abetting so "comic-opera" a plot, is to demand an impossibility. And thus it is that anything like real sentiment, acted or spoken, is so much wasted force. This play is one thing, and Mr. Hove's original romance quite another. In effect, Mr. Rose is "Hope-ing against Hope."

His Own Poetical Explanation of It.

Why our linkman didn't appear for a week after the first of the New Year:—

So many tips 'e 'ad an' many "nips" 'e

Took down! through these ere tips 'o got quite tipsy.

[Forgiven, but 'e 'opes not to be forgotten next year.]

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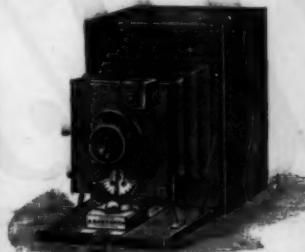
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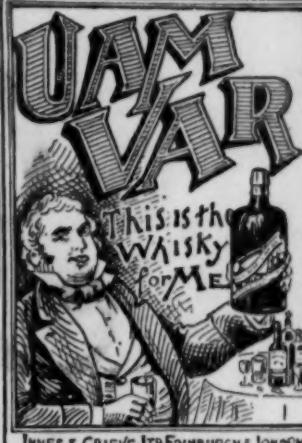
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